

THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE



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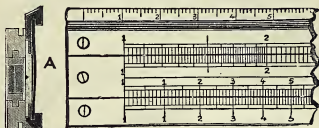
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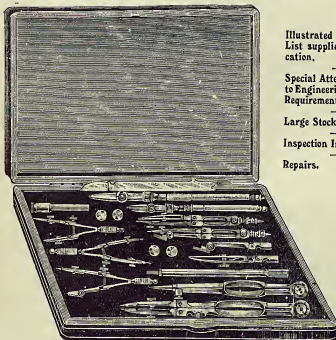
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SOUTHAMPTON.

The Southampton University College Magazine

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Easter Term, 1925.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

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MR. A. J. KNIGHT.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the EDITOR, and should be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or over the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be Addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

The Southampton University College Magazine.



EDITORIAL.

Once again we find ourselves forced to emerge into the full glare of publicity, and to submit the results of our labours to general criticism; once again the dangerous task of writing an editorial has to be performed, in order to render a short account of College activities, and to remind the world of our dignified position,

Yet, in spite of these harassing duties, we cannot complain, nor are we able to follow the usual custom of editors by heaping maledictions on the heads of the long-suffering reader.

Last term there was a marked improvement in the tone of the College, and this new attitude has led to results which have greatly cheered the drooping spirits of the Magazine Committee. Our work in producing this issue has been, not so much to collect material as to sort out suitable contributions from the unusually large number submitted. This does not mean, however, that too much has been done for the magazine, nor does it signify that the selected articles are necessarily the best that have been received. Careful selection has been made, but the desire to satisfy the tastes of all has influenced the Committee's choice, and several worthy attempts have been omitted on this account. It is hoped that space will be found in the next number for some of these meritorious efforts.

An agitation has been set on foot by friendly critics urging us to obtain articles from men holding prominent public offices, so that the status of the magazine may be raised. We have vigorously combated this policy, however, on the grounds that the *raison d'être* of this organ

is to reflect the inner student life, and that there are a sufficient number of excellent literary journals which may be had at any bookseller. To those who disdainfully scoff at our production we humbly reply, after the classical fashion: "A poor thing, sir, but our own."

We beg to offer our congratulations to Professor Margoliouth, who is shortly taking up the post of Secretary of the Faculties at Oxford. We know that all students will join with us in extending to him our best wishes; yet many, especially those who have come into close contact with him, will keenly regret his departure. Professor Margoliouth's quiet enthusiasm and ready sympathy have endeared him to us all. We lose a brilliant scholar, a capable organiser . . . and a thorough gentleman.

E. I. B.



UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR WESSEX.

THE APPEAL.

There can be no occasion, on general grounds, to invite our reader's whole-hearted and cordial support for the appeal now being made to endow the College and prepare for the future University for Wessex. We are all proud of our Alma Mater, eager to prove our loyalty to the hilt.

But the ultimate aim of this appeal, to earn the right to establish a University for Wessex, raises the work far beyond any ordinary call for service.

There is a freemasonry the world over between University men. When Cambridge meets Oxford at Charing Cross, or on the outposts of the Empire, hand shakes hand with emotion of a bond that need never be put into words, which the others feel in their bones and frankly envy.

You know, but the people of Wessex have not heard the call. To persuade them that £500,000—if all contribute—is a small price to pay for the honour of once more hearing the traditional name of Wessex upheld in the land; and for the position among England's youth it will confer upon their sons, you are invited to form a corps of zealous publicity men.

You can help:—

- (1) By speaking everywhere, always and to all men of the Appeal, and the plain duty of universal support.

- (2) By supplying the organiser with names and addresses among the home-folk of anyone who ought to subscribe willingly, serve on a local committee or in any way assist local activities.
- (3) By making any suggestions for a cute advertisement; an original means or method of promoting the cause; or offering some time and thought to do your bit; in any way that may help the work already in hand.

Major McGrath is always glad to see any students, to hear any suggestions, to give any information, or to suggest means by which individual help can be given.

FORWARD! ATTENTION! QUICK MARCH!

J. A. McGRATH.



IMPRESSIONS D'UN FRANÇAIS SUR LA VIE

UNIVERSITAIRE ANGLAISE.

Le distingué et sympathique directeur du "College Magazine" m'ayant demandé de communiquer aux lectrices et aux lecteurs de cette revue mes premières impressions sur la vie universitaire anglaise j'ai m'exécute bien que ne me dissimulant nullement tout ce que pareille tâche a de délicat et même de périlleux.

I.—L'ÉTUDIANT ANGLAIS.

Quelques mots seulement sur le caractère de l'étudiant anglais: d'abord et avant tout, il me semble plus jeune que l'étudiant français, sinon par l'âge du moins par le tempérament.

La gaité étant le premier apanage de la jeunesse, il s'ensuit qu'il est gai, et gai jusqu'à l'exubérance. Cela ne signifie nullement d'ailleurs qu'il soit insouciant et paresseux: au contraire, et j'ose dire (quitte à froisser dans leur amour-propre national ceux de mes compatriotes entre les mains desquels cet article pourrait tomber), que l'étudiant anglais est beaucoup plus appliqué, plus travailleur et plus consciencieux que l'étudiant français: il y a des exceptions, évidemment, mais l'exception ne confirme-t-elle pas la règle?

La franchise, souvent brutale mais toujours belle même dans ses excès, est aussi un des traits principaux

du caractère de l'étudiant anglais: le lendemain de mon arrivée ici (j'ai peut-être fait quelques progrès depuis), je me promenais dans les rues de Southampton en compagnie d'un étudiant de l'Université; nous causions depuis un certain temps... en la langue de Shakespeare, de Milton et de Dickens quand, à brûle-pourpoint, je demandai à mon interlocuteur: "I am sure you think I speak English very—badly." "To tell the truth, me répondit-il avec un sang-froid—ou, pour mieux dire—avec un flegme admirable: You don't speak it at all well!" Quoi qu'il en soit et malgré la rudesse un peu sauvage et primitive d'une telle franchise, je n'ai pas besoin de dire—je pense—combien je prise et combien j'admire cette qualité, la plus noble de toutes celles de l'homme, en général, et du jeune homme, en particulier.

Pour présenter un portrait complet et aussi exact que possible, il me faut aussi parler de l'engouement de l'étudiant anglais pour le sport: l'autre jour, par exemple, j'assistais, sur le terrain de l'Université, à un match de Rugby disputé entre nos étudiants et des officiers de la marine de guerre. "Les nôtres" ayant triomphé à force d'adresse et de ténacité (je m'avoue incapable de donner le moindre détail technique sur un sport que je n'ai jamais pratiqué et qui ne me ravit d'ailleurs nullement), leur fierté et leur allégresse ne connaissaient plus de bornes: mon calme, ma froideur, mon indifférence leur semblaient presque sacrilèges!

Jeunesse, gaité, amour du travail, franchise, pratique enthousiaste (un peu trop enthousiaste peut-être) du sport, de telles qualités jointes à une piété sincère et solide, n'est-ce pas là l'application, la réalisation de la belle maxime du poète latin Juvénal: *meus sana in corpore sano*, une âme saine dans un corps vigoureux?

II.—LA VIE UNIVERSITAIRE ANGLAISE.

Ce qui m'a certainement le plus frappé à mon arrivée à Southampton, c'est le communauté d'existence des étudiants anglais. En France, dans nos facultés, à la Sorbonne, par exemple, on est individualiste, chacun travaille et vit pour soi, aucun lieu n'unit la masse des étudiants, et il n'est pas difficile de voir les graves inconvénients d'un pareil état de choses:

A Southampton, au contraire—et je pense qu'il en est de même dans les autres Universités anglaises—l'in-

dividualisme n'est pas la règle : chacun se connaît, nulle distinction ne se manifeste, nul fractionnement ne se produit, l'égotisme si odieux sous toutes ses formes, le "chacun pour soi" me paraissent entièrement bannis de la vie universitaire anglaise. Et de cela, je suis certain que tous, professeurs et étudiants, n'ont qu'à se féliciter. . . .

Cette communauté—je dirais volontiers : ce communisme, si le mot n'avait été malheureusement détourné de son sens primitif pour ne plus désigner aujourd'hui qu'une théorie utopique et dangereuse—se manifeste plus particulièrement encore à South Stoneham House, cette magnifique résidence d'un grand nombre d'étudiants de l'Université. Ici la synthèse s'opère plus complètement et plus admirablement encore : les étudiants vivent en rapports continuels les uns avec les autres, depuis le réveil jus'qu'au coucher (les heures de cours à la Faculté étant mises à part, naturellement). A l'étude, la tâche quotidienne est faite en commun ; au réfectoire, les repas sont pris en commun ; dans la "Common Room" où l'on se réunit aux heures de loisir et de repos, on se retrouve encore pour lire, fumer, écouter la T.S.F. et causer de la famille absente, du village natal, du pays d'origine, de cette enfance déjà si lointaine quoique datant d'hier dans le souvenir de laquelle on aime toujours à se retremper.

Enfin, matin et soir, on se réunit encore—et ceci me semble l'expression la plus pure et la plus touchante de cette vie que l'on peut qualifier très justement de familiale—on se réunit pour adresser à Dieu l'hommage commun de sa fidélité et de son amour : spectacle éminemment réconfortant pour qui croit en la nécessité d'une vérité supérieure, d'un idéal surnaturel !

MARCEL DELETTREZ,

"Hospes, non hostis."



"SONGS WITHOUT MUSIC,"

OR

"A MEDLEY OF A MAD MUSICIAN."

There was a young man all forlorn,
Who endeavoured to play a French horn.
In spite of its weight,
He blew it out straight,
And that's how the trumpet was born.

There once was a long-haired musician,
Who included a "twiddle" addition.
When accused of the fact,
His cornet he packed.
'Twas "hiccups," he said, not tradition.

There once was a musical fellow,
Who decided to take up the 'cello.
He joined our society
And caused much anxiety,
Till transferred to the basses to bellow.

There once was a male voice choir,
Who succeeded in rousing the ire
Of the students and Warden.
So one night in the garden
Of their music they made a great fire.

There was a Professor named Leake,
Who said with his tongue in his cheek,
My lecturer, Osborne,
Regrets that he was born
When the choral meets twice every week.

THE WRITINGS OF ELYMUS THE SCRIBE.

1. *Concerning things that came to pass in the First Chamber.* ¶ 3. *The things that the Elders did do.* ¶ 6. *The multitude again assembles.* ¶ 16. *The strange things that did then come to pass.*

1. And it came to pass in the second month, on the twenty-fourth day of the month, the multitudes assembled at noonday, in the Chamber that is called the First, that they might witness the *wondrous* works of their Chief Priests and Elders.

2. The High Priest of Mus, he that is called after the Pride of Cambria, did play upon an instrument of musick, while he that doth say many things concerning one, Gaffer Jones, did sing a *long* song, and the Elders did perform many strange things as he sang.

¶ 3. For three learned Doctors did crawl into the Chamber upon their bellies and did call themselves *monkeys*, and an Elder of Hist did enter, robed like a small child, and did give nuts unto them.

4. And lo! an Elder that was clothed like a small damsel did do many *childish* things, and she did say *many* things that were not true. For did she not call unto the house the mighty fighters of fire and sent them empty away.

5. Then a fire did come to pass, and the house and all that were in it did perish, yea! *even* the damsel did perish: and the multitudes that were gathered together did laugh, and the sound of clapping was heard afar off at *these* things.

¶ 6. The multitudes did assemble at noonday again, in the Chamber that is called the First, for was not a learned Elder there that he might answer those things that were said against the Faith of Lib by a young man from the tribe of ironbenders?

7. Then the ironbender did wax strong against the Elder, *saying*:

8. What hath become of the tribes that followed thy Faith? Surely they have deserted that Faith that they might seek after Truth?

9. And what good hath been wrought by those tribes, *they* did not feed the poor or give unto them riches?

10. But the Elder did answer in a voice that was slow, and did rebuke the young man, *saying* :

11. Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye hath spoken *many* things about the ancient followers of the Faith of Lib, but thou hast not yet said *anything* against that Faith.

12. And, moreover, *those* things that I did intend to say to thee concerning the Faith, I must leave undone, for I must be about my business.

13. Then divers youths did commune with one another, and lo ! another youth from the tribe of ironbenders did say still more things about the Elder, but a chief from the House of Stone did rebuke the young ironbender.

14. Then a High Priest from the Tribe of Educ did arise and say in a loud voice : " Let the multitude decide according to their own way and follow *whom* they did think right."

15. And they that did follow the Elder were *many*, and they that did follow the young man were *few*.

¶ 16. On the nineteenth day of the month a *strange* thing did come to pass amongst the youths and maidens.

17. For divers youths and maidens did ride in their chariots of steel and smoke into the town of Sou, and did sing and make strange noises upon instruments of musick.

18. And when they did return unto the Halls of their Elders, the multitudes gathered to see what *strange* things had been wrought upon them.

19. For some did say they were possessed, and others did say that they wanted to show their chariots among the nations.

20. But *he* that doth prevail over the Hall of the young men did say that they did make merry because of the *victories* over the Tribes of Exe.

21. And so the tribes lived in peace and quietness. from that day on.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAINTER.

A PARABLE.

This may be called a parable—an instructive story, more instructive, I think, than interesting; a sugared pill; a mental powder concealed in verbal (or verbose, if you will) jam.

It is a parable of an artist who symbolises endeavour, and a king who represents the powers-that-be in this world. For the moral, I leave it to you.

* * * *

If you have not heard of Velasquez, you know there was a Philip IV of Spain, and at his court Velasquez was official painter. In those fortunate days, before photography, each court had its painter. Holbein, for example, was court-painter to Henry VIII of blessed memory, Lely to Charles II of—equally blessed memory. In neither case, I think, have we gained much of the courts of those monarchs that a clever photographer would not have given us, save, perhaps, some restored complexions and renovated waists; nor lost more than a few wrinkles and plural chins. The studios of court-painters were, as a rule, the beauty parlours of those days.

In the seventeenth century the Spanish was of all European courts the most "Oriental." The Queen, for example, no man might touch, on pain of death, even to save her life. There Velasquez painted, for thirty-seven years, to please no public, no critics; to attract the eye in no galleries, no exhibition; to fulfil no contracts; and, after a few years, to outshine no rivals. The sole judge of his work was a king hedged by the most exclusive divinity, bound in the most autocratic traditions of monarchy. Where their king praised, his courtiers would not be sparing in their eulogies. What cramped, insipid art you would expect to pine in such a court; what frail, scentless flower to droop in such a hothouse; what moping, flightless bird to languish in that gilded cage!

And how mistaken you would be, for there is nothing courtly in Velasquez's art. He traces with equal zest the ponderous vastnesses of the Hapsburg chin and the amiable leer of El Bobo de Coria, court buffoon; the richly-gowned "Maid of Honour" and the barefooted "Spinners"; "Mars" and the beggar, "Mœnippus." Nor is there any loss of truth, unless we can be so ungenerous as to think

flattering these portraits of ugly little Infantas, prisoned in vast farthingales and freezing reverence, from which he alone could draw the crushed humanity. The shackles which bound Velasquez the courtier left Velasquez the artist free as the winds. A century-and-a-half later the biting satire of Goya, court painter to Charles IV of Spain, received complete toleration from a king and nobility too depraved to heed its criticism.

So little were the conditions of his life stultifying and inimical to progress, that it was only after two centuries that the rest of the artistic world was able to appreciate the real worth of his art. The Impressionists of the last century were his posthumous artistic children, and nearly all modern art, excluding some insane masqueraders and a few lonely scions of that most degraded of all art schools, pre-Raphælitism, owes to him, directly or through prophets, like Whistler and Sargent, prophets of a dead Messiah, a debt such as it owes to no other master. To find where you had expected stagnation a clear gain of two centuries' progress may well lead to an examination of some pre-conceived ideas. There is, indeed, I think, in the implications of this rather dull parable, matter for some hundred and one discussions, each deserving more consideration than you will give it.

* * * *

And now I wonder which you liked least, the jam or the powder?
H. R.



ON BEING IN LOVE.

If there is one power capable of peopling the world with angels, that power is surely Love. Judging from the talk of lovers who have suddenly made the great discovery, the object of their affections is as far removed from the ordinary race of Eve's daughters as darkness is from light. She is, of course, beautiful, but it was not her beauty that first attracted you. Rather it was some elusive indefinable charm, glimpsed for a moment in the poise of her head or the straying of some rebellious curl across her brow. And now her very presence invests the drab surroundings with rosy splendour.

You remember, do you not, gentle reader, the numbness that gripped your senses at the sight of your goddess lying

prostrate on the stairs. The immensity of the fact slowly dawns upon your consciousness. The creature of kindling glances, whose changing moods mystified as much as they delighted you, the play of whose wit, leaping from fancy to fancy with such sparkling rapidity, left your dull, masculine intellect laboriously floundering, the vivacious being walking at your side, had caught her foot in the stairs and tumbled. And now she is looking at you rather reproachfully, because you did not stoop immediately to pick her up. She forgets it is not an everyday occurrence for the spirit of laughter and light to tangle her filmy wings and flutter helplessly on the stairs.

And then there was the time you tip-toed quietly to her room and caught her gazing dreamily out of the window, nibbling a pen in wrapt contemplation. What fantastic day dreams were chasing each other through that little brown head, what idle fancies puckered the fair forehead in corrugated lines of thought, what inner visions brought that far away look into the serene grey eyes? Perhaps she was thinking of that neat little house that was to be, with its soft red curtains and brightly-polished knocker. Perhaps she was even taking a peep inside the house at you, sprawling comfortably in your favourite leather arm-chair, with your evening paper and pipe, and your feet stretched out lazily to the warm blaze of the fire crackling merrily on the hearth. She may even have pictured herself bending over the back of the chair, playfully tweaking your ear as she tells you it is bad to read by firelight, and the muffins are getting cold, and you think more of that disgraceful old chair than you do of—. Dreams may be, but they are wondrous pleasant.

Ah! she is turning now. She has felt your presence, and, if you are lucky, she may invite you to share her dreaming. "Hello, John. I didn't know you were here. What's a word of four letters beginning with T and meaning a valuable wood."

CLIO.



THE BEADLE'S BOYS.

Work ! they students never works.

I knows, I knows.

I've been to the lib'ry and I sees

Them sittin' all in rows.

I never makes no noise in there.

I knows, I knows.

But they sits up and looks at me

Cleanin' the windows.

Coo ! how they looks—If looks could kill !

I knows, I knows.

Pretendin' that they wants to work—

Is that 'ow it goes ?

Why, d'rectly at 'leven the old clock coughs,

They up and goes

To buy old 'Orace's cream buns.

I knows, I knows.

They students never works—they don't.

And so y' knows,

If me and you didn't do our jobs,

The Coll. would close.

A. D. P.



A TALE.

Would'st have a story, dear-my-soul ? Know, then, this that I heard once, a tale of distant Hebridee.

Two sisters there were ; Doraine fair to look upon, Awlede less fair. Both maidens loved one, Jorval. He worshipped Doraine ; most of all, her eyes green as the sea, her hair a richer gold than sea-weed that gleams in the sunlight. You would know of Awlede, my pretty one ? But what matters it ? Enough that she was plain, and Jorval smiled not on her. Time passed in the isles of Hebridee. Together Doraine and Jorval rejoiced in their approaching nuptials. As for Awlede, she was sorrowful and bitter. Each day went she, alone, to the rocks, the playground of their childhood, where the tide goes to meet the horizon, and returns slowly, surely. Here would Awlede sit through the long days dreaming, dreaming of what ? Crooning, crooning what song ? Weaving, weaving what web ?

At last it is the day of days. Jorval is to possess his Doraine—Doraine with eyes green as the sea and hair of gold. With the dawn comes Awlede to her sister, smiling as she has not done for many moons, begs forgiveness for her moods: "Sister mine, it has been hard for me this long time. But of all the world I love thee and wish thee well. Come, one last time play with me as in days of old. As when we were children, I will bind thy locks with the sea-weed, then shalt thou play with mine." And thus, my own, did Awlede laugh and play with her sister dear, singing her chants of the isles. Thus did she bind her hair to the rocks, weaving it with the sea-weed, in and out, in and out.

And now Awlede turns from her sister—heeds not the voice grown fearful, the green eyes filled with terror—smiles, and leaves her.

Many folk presaged storms from the wild cries carried on the breeze as the tide returned; for they thought 'twas the cry of the gulls. But some thought otherwise. Awlede? By the shore was she, crooning, dreaming, while the waves returned slowly, surely. And the call of the gulls was weird that day.

Pray the gods, dear-my-soul, lest Jealousy o'ermaster thee; nought is more cruel.

N. M. F.



A SONNET.

Some poet minds are mighty waterfalls
Of power precipitous that man enyokes
In Life's machinery. Or others oaks
Become, and are again like lofty walls

A refuge from the storm and petty squalls
That drive amain. Full many look like smokes
Of frankincense that man quite heavenward coax
When up they thickly curl through sunlit halls.

In God yet all the Orpheans sang belief
Alike, ungarling shows of reasoning sects
From Him, Life Essence pure; and learned in dream

When finally they threw away vain grief
With change, to love alone whate'er reflects
The Light that through Eternity doth gleam.

R. E. WITT.

THE BORE.

The funny thing about it is that I like the fellow ! Queer, but true ! We are really the best of pals. Yet for the last week I've hated the sight of him, and have done my level best to avoid him. Did his serene face—for it is serene—appear round a corner or a door, I bolted for cover, or—being observed—slunk away, heedless of his calls.

Sometimes I have not escaped, and then he has barred my way, gleamingly exultant. Then, in agonised tones, "Have you done it yet ? Well, have you thought about it ? "

My wretched negatives have surely brought a touch of withering scorn to his face ; but only a touch, for he knows well that to accomplish his great mission in life he must encourage—inspire ! Has he not shown me that I am a man of importance, that upon me depends part of the fabric of his vast organisation ?

But now, alone, I realise only too fully that I have failed him—more, more than him—the greater Them whom he serves.

Why, I ask in despair, did I allow him to convince me that there was no need to wait for inspiration ? And why, oh ! why on earth *should* he jolly well expect me to write an article for the mag. ?

A. B.

[We come to the conclusion that we do not know !
—ED.]



TO THE GOLDFISH.

(With apologies to Mr. Wordsworth.)

A member of the staff has recently acquired "Jim," a pet goldfish, from Southampton's leading emporium.

O blithe newcomer! I have seen,
I see thee o'er the brim:
O swimmer! shall I call thee fish,
Or only "little Jim"?

When I am tired or sad at heart,
Thy antics do I view;
All round and round you seem to dart
With shades of every hue.

Though but a fish, he's worth to me
A thousand pounds and more,
Yet purchased, dare I own to thee,
At the Woolworth's store.

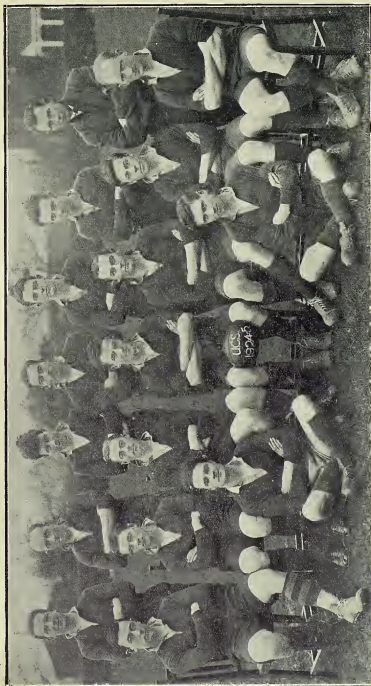
Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
E'en yet thou art to me
No bird, nor yet an earthly thing,
A fish from out the sea;

The same whom in my infantide
I gazed at; that gleam
Shop windows could not from me hide
That flash, that dart, that beam.

To seek thee did my colleague's try
Through every shop in town;
But neither could your like they buy
In Smith's nor Boots' nor Brown!

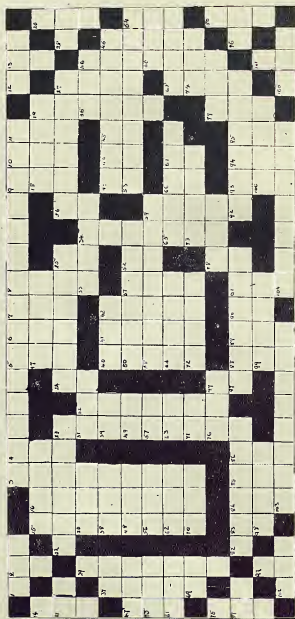
And I can gaze upon thee yet,
Jim, safe from competition,
For . . . said she'd killed the rest
To save them from perdition.

O!



Top Row : H. R. Mills, J. G. Taylor, V. G. Hopkins, H. W. Winter, D. R. Thomas, H. G. Wassell, F. J. R. Nicholas (linesman).
Second Row : N. B. Forrest, F. M. T. Bunney, A. M. Ward (hon. sec.), H. L. Tolley (capt.), E. G. Wright (vice-capt.), H. J. Tann, W. H. Williams.
Bottom Row : C. E. Price, H. H. Hatt.

THE U.S.C. CROSS WORD PUZZLE OF COLL. TERMS.



CLUES TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

READING DOWN.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 2. Who's we? | 43. A Roman weight reversed. |
| 3. Contented. | 44. Town student. |
| 4. Civil Service of England. | 45. Same as No. 2. |
| 6. Impertinent peeping
(phonetic). | 46. The end of a wedge. |
| 7. Growl (phonetic). | 47. Period of leisure. |
| 8. A decapitated vessel. | 52. An army corps (abbrev.). |
| 10. To consume. | 54. Lair. |
| 11. A term of respect. | 57. Aromatic oil |
| 13. An article. | 59. Amen |
| 14. Hostel governor. | 66. Possessive pronoun. |
| 15. Our Coll. degrees. | 67. An exclamation of enquiry. |
| 16. Legible. | 68. Part of prisms. |
| 20. Gblio. | 75. A prohibition. |
| 23. Where we fortify and
mend ourselves. | 77. Example. |
| 24. Yes (Spanish). | 78. One short of a hundred. |
| 25. Printer's measure. | 79. Plus. |
| 26. A parental abbreviation | 80. It is. |
| 27. At no time | 83. University College. |
| 29. The pride of our lives. | 84. End of a cock's crow. |
| 32. Where study is done. | 85. London County Council. |
| 34. Moorland. | 88. A beginning. |
| 36. A Canadian province. | 89. Imbue (beheaded). |
| 37. To allure. | 90. Pounds and shillings. |
| 40. The characteristic genus
of a people | 91. Disc (beheaded). |
| 41. Cathedral. | 93. To be in debt. |
| 42. It is ill (phonetic). | 94. A periodical. |
| | 97. Automobile Association. |
| | 101. A preposition. |

READING ACROSS.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. A convertible building. | 62. A drink. |
| 3. The bane of Normal
Students. | 63. Thank you. |
| 12. A practical joke. | 64. To leave out. |
| 15. Periods of time. | 65. Directed. |
| 17. The God of Love. | 68. Strong metal. |
| 18. Used in cricket. | 69. Pronoun. |
| 21. The King of Bashan. | 70. Conducted. |
| 22. A famous seat of learning. | 71. Gold (French). |
| 24. At which students dance. | 72. A song. |
| 26. The ruler of the hostel. | 73. A religious song (reversed). |
| 28. A note (musical notation). | 74. Evil. |
| 30. Chinese place prefix. | 76. A cereal. |
| 31. Jewish name. | 78. A famous bishop. |
| 33. Arms backward-turn! | 79. I love (Latin). |
| 35. A prefix denoting young. | 81. A Roman coin. |
| 40. A girl's name (abbrev.). | 82. A popular lecturer. |
| 43. One of us. | 87. A familiar noise. |
| 47. Spring (Latin). | 92. Wanderers. |
| 48. Branch of the services. | 96. Drill. |
| 50. Supervisors. | 98. A bird to be found at
Stoneham. |
| 53. Refec. biscuits. | 99. Ruler of the Refec. |
| 55. A decree | 100. Protégée. |
| 57. Common Room. | 102. Women's hockey champion. |
| 58. Homes of students. | 103. A classical sea-nymph. |
| 60. Ass (French). | 104. A centre of education. |
| 61. College (abbrev.). | 105. Inclined to. |



Top Row : D. Gittins, M. Bubbers, L. Monk, S. Neish.

Bottom Row : D. Clamp, M. Offer, W. Mann, A. Brown, E. Smith.

A TRUE TALE OF A BRANDY BARREL.*

[* The following story, whatever its literary value may be, has at least the merit of being true. The story was told to the writer by an old lady who, if now living, would be 105 years of age.]

It was night, and raining heavily. Mrs. Pearce was sitting in a lower room of her cottage, busily darning socks by the flickering light of an oil lamp. The cottage stood on the top of Chesil Beach, that mighty stretch of pebbles which, according to legend, was thrown up by a gigantic storm in a single night. Outside, the whistling of the wind was mingled with the roar of the waves dashing on to the beach, and Mrs. Pearce was thinking anxiously of her husband Tom.

He, with others, under cover of the night and bad weather, was attempting to bring home barrels of smuggled French brandy from a certain hiding place. Mrs. Pearce had cause for anxiety, for, earlier in the evening, Excise men had been seen in Chesil, the first time for many days.

Suddenly, her anxious heart gave a great leap as the latched door was hurriedly thrown open, letting in a rush of wind and sleet. Her husband, clad in sou'wester and huge oilskins which completely covered him, appeared in the doorway, puffing with exertion. He hastily rolled a barrel into the room, slamming the door behind him. Tom Pearce had just time to whisper "Excise men!" when there was a loud knock at the door, evidently an empty formality, as it was rudely thrust open without further ado. Two Excise men entered, blowing like grampuses, and exchanging looks of extreme satisfaction. Their eyes roved the room for the barrel, but it was nowhere to be seen! Flabbergasted, the one breathlessly demanded that the barrel should be given up, while the other unceremoniously began to search the room. Tom merely said that they could not accuse him of smuggling as they had no proof, and that he was perfectly willing for them to search his cottage for contraband if they wished. This they proceeded to do, being sure in their own minds that they would find the barrel that Pearce had apparently carried into the cottage. Surprised at not finding the barrel, they demanded to be taken upstairs, Mrs. Pearce accompanying them, sighing at the mess their dirty boots and wet oilskins were making. But to no purpose; they came down disappointed.

Bewildered, they made a second search of the lower room, even testing the floor for trap doors. At last they confessed themselves beaten, convinced in their own minds that by some miraculous means, Tom Pearce had rid himself of the barrel before entering the cottage. As a last faint hope they searched outside the cottage, and at last, with a surly "good night!" they left.

Their footsteps died away, and Mrs. Pearce went to the door to make sure of their departure. She gave her husband an affirmative nod in response to his questioning look, and with a sigh of relief he got up from the barrel on which he had been sitting, his huge oilskins wrapped round it as if he had been sitting on a stool.

H. G. B.





HALL NOTES.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

Before first bell rings, at 7 a.m., the sleep of many work-worn folk is frequently prevented from running its natural course by the clumping of energetic footsteps down the stairs, along the passages and, later, on the gravel path in the front of the house. It seems that certain Hostelites consider either that it is high time to go in training for Sports Day, or that early rising is conducive to rude health, or (it has been rumoured!) that a brisk run round Bassett will counteract the effect of cream-buns and chocolate!

Surely such energy has never before been known in all the annals of H.H. One morning, twenty-two adventurous souls, imbued with the love of sport, braved the elements, set at defiance the floods which congregate from all parts of the town to the few hundred square yards of Common opposite Highfield Hall, and valiantly journeyed forth to play hockey. They even had eight spectators to witness their feats!

The Seniors spent a very jolly time at the Fancy Dress Social given by the Juniors in the Winter Garden, one Saturday, and thought that all the items, and especially the original operetta, were excellent.

The energy expended during C.U. Finance Week was simply stupendous. Our Juniors excelled themselves, and broke all records. When it was all over we gladly missed being badgered for coppers for raffles, shoe-cleaning, concerts, etc., but we sadly missed the early morning cups of tea!

G. V. K.

SOUTH HILL.

At the top of a long expanse of mud and water, artistically intermingled, which alone connects us with the busy world, stands our lonely mansion. Unlike Baucis and Philemon of old, we once refused to entertain two tramps, who were undoubtedly gods in disguise, and the result of their wrath is that the adjacent reservoir is welling up and threatening to immerse us in a billowy grave.

However, life goes on as before, with scattered thrills. At the beginning of term some excitement was caused by the institution of fire-drill. The idea, however, was not so popular when the midnight alarm rudely dispelled winged sleep, and youthful heroines went in search of ladders and such impedimenta wherewith to rescue their more drowsy companions. It is said that some anxious souls, fearful of losing that which made life most dear, clasped in their hands the works of Nunn, or of Bradley.

Such authors become daily more popular, but sport has also many ardent supporters, and we were proud of the fact that six of our number were chosen to play in the hockey team against Exeter.

Nor has the social side been neglected. We invited the Juniors of South Stoneham to a Social on Saturday, February 7th, and hope to entertain the Seniors very shortly.

The Social given by our Juniors on Tuesday, February 24th, showed even more plainly than before how jolly a crowd they are, and was not the least of our enjoyments this term.

M. Y.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

The policies of Cæsar and Matron seem to have coincided, although the underlying motives were, we know, by no means parallel. On our return after Christmas we were regaled with a sumptuous feast such as warms the heart of any dainty epicurean; indeed, expectations were so great that most revellers thought fit to disguise themselves in bizarre costumes, in order safely to escape the censure of those whose blood is too chilled to appreciate the joys of a well-set table. Hence the nomenclature of this function: "Matron's Fancy Dress Dinner."

On February 14th the Vice-Warden and half the House went to Exeter to fill the annual engagement with our Devonshire friends. Reports of the matches prove that

in some respects the day was a success, although it is whispered that a few Hostelites seriously contemplate suing the Southern Railway for repayment of the fare from Eastleigh to Swaythling.

The interest in wireless is proceeding apace, and a Radio Club will shortly become an additional branch of the social activities in the Hostel.

Recently South Stoneham proved its superiority on the netball pitch, and in connection with this it is necessary to quote a well-known song:—

"I could say a lot, but I'd better not,
For the whole thing's most improper."

At the time of writing the general topic of conversation centres round the recent visit of South Hill. South Stoneham players' clever interpretation of the short sketch, "A Night at an Inn," was greatly appreciated, and we take this opportunity of conveying the thanks of the rest of the House to the faithful few who worked so well. The gloomy plot appealed to all—especially the gloom, for it gave an excellent opportunity to many men to prove their loyalty to our motto, "Intus Fervet Ceritas."

H. L. T.



PLAY-READING CLUB.

"When is the next meeting of the Play-Reading Club?" is now quite a usual remark, and is a sign of our increasing popularity.

A further mark of our development is the attractive little blue card of membership, with its very appropriate design, for which we have to thank Mr. Rudgley.

At the regular meetings the plays recently read have been mainly of a serious type. The two last meetings of the Christmas term were devoted to the reading of Shaw's "St. Joan." At the opening meeting of this term Yeats' "Countess Cathleen" was read.

But lest the charge of being too serious should be levelled against us, a lighter element was introduced into the second meeting of the Easter term, when two charming one-act plays were read—"The Stepmother," by A. A. Milne, and "The Boy Comes Home," by Arnold Bennett.

Tuesday, March 3rd, witnessed a return to the serious, since on that date we read Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound."

Nor have our activities been limited to these tea-time

gatherings. At the request of the Room I Committee we have presented two short plays in the dinner hour—"The Lost Silk Hat," by Dunsaney, and "The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne. Both of these plays proved a great success, judging by the appreciative audiences.

F. A. M. E.



LIT. AND DEB. SOCIETY.

Again we are unable to report any outstanding event. Every Saturday evening of the term has been booked for Inter-Hostel or Society functions, so that no big meeting of the Lit. and Deb. has been possible.

Thus the dinner-hour debates remain the chief feature of our activities, and though the subjects have been difficult ones for debate, yet general keenness and good attendances are worthy of notice. The debates held since the last report are:—

December 4th, 1924.—"That the value of Athletics is over-estimated." Mr. Wood spoke for the Bill and Miss Philipps against.

February 9th.—"That Liberalism is an effete creed." Mr. Smith (for) and Dr. Horrocks (against) were the speakers. The Bill was rejected.

February 17th.—"That this House favours the abolition of opium growing." Miss Boswell (for) and Mr. Russell (against) spoke. The Bill was rejected.

Invitations for the Inter-Varsity debates at Liverpool and Exeter were accepted. Our representatives were warmly welcomed and entertained, and anticipate the time when we will be able to hold a similar function here.

A. D. P.



U.C.S. CHOR. AND ORCH. SOC.

For the first time for many moons the Society has now two sides to its activities—as its name suggests. The formation of the choral side, last term, has been followed, this term, through the efforts of the ever-enthusiastic Mr. Mann, by the formation of an orchestra, which has about twelve members. At the time of writing the Choral Society has got well into the "Banner of St. George," and the orchestra is practising Haydn's Military Symphony. Mainly owing to the efforts of Mr. Osborne, the Senate has set

apart an hour (from 4 to 5 p.m.) on Mondays for practice. This is a great concession, and an admission that the Society is a living organism once more.

With the close of the Easter term will come, unfortunately, the close of our activities; but before then, especially if we produce the "Banner of St. George," as we hope to do, we expect to make our presence felt—mainly through the medium of the auditory system—to such an extent that next Session the Society will either be prohibited or else a still more virulent body.

R.R.



SOIREE.

It is pleasing to find that there are many more dancers at Coll. this year than have been for considerable time. This fact is evident during the lunch hour in Room I and, undoubtedly, accounts for the success which attended both Soirées of this year.

The first Soirée was held at St. Denys' Hall on the 31st October 1924, and was enjoyed by a large number of students, the fair sex being especially prominent.

This term's Fancy Dress Soirée was held at Price's Café, on the 24th of January, and, although short notice was given, a large number paraded at the judging of the dresses. Some members of the Staff were present, and our thanks are due to Mrs. Green, Mrs. Forsey and Miss Steele, who judged the costumes of the ladies, and to Messrs. Casson, Forsey and Harlow, who judged those of the men. The ladies' prize was awarded to Miss Smith, and the men's was obtained by Mr. Grindle.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Messrs. Tann, Moore, Baker, Hunt and Smallshaw for their able assistance.

C.E.P.



GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Rapid Growth of a New College Feature.

A REMINDER.—We wish to remind all readers that a Student's Geographical Society was formed at the beginning of last session. We hope to continue the worthy efforts of last year's committee, and during the present session bold and strenuous attempts are being made to advance the reputation of this Society as an important and popular feature of the College.

THE PURPOSE of our organisation is to offer some kind of union to serious students of geography, to stimulate further enthusiasm among all who are interested in this and kindred subjects, and to provide a first-class programme of meetings, excursions and special lectures.

MEMBERSHIP is open to all students of the College, and more members will be welcomed. We are now 30 strong, but we want not less than 50 members to make firm an organisation which has a considerable future in Southampton.

On Friday, 17th October, 1924, the first general meeting of the session was held. Miss K. C. Boswell, B.Sc. was elected President, with a committee of five.

On Monday, 8th December, we entertained to tea Mrs. O. Rishbeth, who afterwards gave a lantern lecture on "The Grand Cañon of Colorado." This was greatly appreciated. The history, scenic wonders and their significance, together with the geological characters of the famous gorge, were ably dealt with by Mrs. Rishbeth, who has considerable experience of the area.

On Thursday, January 29th, 1925, Mr. R. Casson gave a lecture on "Burma," dealing in a fascinating manner with the varied aspects of conditions and life in that country, which he knows so well. The audience numbered 36, an encouraging improvement upon the previous occasion. After concluding, the lecturer still further pleased his appreciative audience by giving a short account of Buddhism in Burma. Thanks were due to Prof. Stansfield and Mr. Cox for the use of the Physics Theatre and lantern.

On Wednesday, February 18th, a party of 25 visited the Southampton Picture House, where Captain Hurley's film, "Pearls and Savages," was shown, revealing the wonders of little-known New Guinea.

Further meetings are to come, and several excursions are being arranged for the summer term.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Rishbeth and Miss Miller for their support and helpful suggestions.

K. C. E.



CHESS.

Since the chess article appeared in last term's magazine, we have continued our winning way in the Southampton League with but two interruptions. These were an unexpected draw with O.S.O. and a hard-fought match with Taunton's "A" which we lost by $3\frac{1}{2}-2\frac{1}{2}$. I fancy Lebern

could say a few words on "Silence is Golden." Verb. sap!

Owing to Taunton's "A's" non-success v. Southampton, we are now assured of the Southampton League Championship.

Unfortunately, on no occasion have we been able to put a representative team in the Hants League, and the result speaks for itself.

Individually, B. A. Line is outstanding, in that he has, out of 18 games, won 16 and drawn 2; this, in all probability, being the most consistent play in the whole of the League.

SOUTHAMPTON LEAGUE.

v. O.S.O.	...	3—3
v. Eastleigh	...	4—2
v. Brotherhood	...	4—2
v. Docks and Marine	4½—1½	
v. Taunton's "A"	2½—3½	
v. Southampton	3½—2½	
v. Civil Service	...	4—2
v. Y.M.C.A.	...	4—2
v. Taunton's "B"	5½—1½	
v. O.S.O.	...	4½—1½
v. Eastleigh	...	4—2
v. Brotherhood	...	4—2

HANTS LEAGUE.

v. Romsey	...	2½—3½
v. Eastleigh	...	3—3
v. Bournemouth	...	3—3
v. So'ton. "B"	...	3½—2½
v. So'ton. "A"	scratched	
v. Taunton's	...	2—4
v. Winchester	...	
v. Broughton	...	

L. J. R.



ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The session so far has proved highly successful, despite the fact that the attendance of members leaves much to be desired. However, it is pleasing to note that discussions and interest of those present show a marked improvement.

The following is the programme continued from last report:—

Thursday, Nov. 27th.—"Laminar and Turbulent Flow of Fluids." Professor J. Eustice, B.Sc.

Friday, Dec. 12th.—"Compensation Cases re Acquisition of Properties for Railways." F. J. Smith, Esq., J.P., F.S.I.

Tuesday, Jan. 20th.—"Valve Timing of Motor-car Engines." J. E. Harley-Gill, Esq.

Monday, Feb. 9th.—"Liquefaction of Gases." Illustrated by experiments with liquid Oxygen. H. J. Tomlinson, B.Sc.

Thursday, Feb. 19th.—“Manufacture of Steam Turbines.” A. Foster, M.I.Mech.E.

Monday, Mar. 9th.—“Submarine Cable Work in Tidal Waters.” J. S. Brown, Esq., M.I.E.E.

Tuesday, Mar. 24th.—“Electrical Circuit Controls.” P. G. Spary, B.Sc., M.I.E.E.

Wednesday, April 20th.—“Wind Pressure on Roofs.” E. E. Mann, M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E.

The date of the Annual Meeting has not yet been settled, but we hope to arrange it early in the summer term.

Arrangements are being made for visits during the summer term.

A. McK.



N.U.S. REPORT.

The chief item of interest this term has been the meeting of the Executive Committee of the N.U.S., held in London, from February 21st to February 23rd. Each constituent University or University College was allowed to send one delegate to it; and as our N.U.S. Secretary was unable to attend, Miss Earle represented us, and sends the following report.

Owing to limitations of space, it is possible to give only a partial report of the proceedings, although selection is very difficult, since so much of great interest to students generally was discussed.

It was felt that a central library, run by the N.U.S., would be helpful to the general body of students. When this library is organised members will be able to borrow books of reference for periods of six months or a year. It is also hoped that, in the near future, a scheme may be evolved, whereby students may buy books at reduced rates. Once these two schemes get working, there is no doubt that they will prove a valuable source of assistance to students.

The organization of foreign tours at reduced rates was then discussed. By this means it is hoped that a closer bond of union between students may be formed. It may be possible for the N.U.S. to combine with other organizations and so arrange a varied series of tours at lowest possible rates. An Easter vacation tour through France was suggested, which would include visits to Paris, Versailles and Fontainebleau. Bristol University hopes to organise a men's

camp for the purpose of exploring the Mendip Hills. Through this system it is hoped that reductions may be obtained in the case of teams desirous of playing international matches.

Finally, mention must be made of the Universities' Congress of the N.U.S., to be held at Oxford from March 28th to April 6th. The Congress offers not only unique opportunities of exploring one of our most famous university towns and of hearing eminent speakers on various subjects, but will also help to make the ideals and work of the N.U.S. more widely known among the students of England and Wales. A dozen students are proposing to go, and we shall look forward with interest to hearing their impressions of it all.

K. C. B.

A. E.



S.C.M.

The first thing this term worthy of note was a disappointment. We were to have received a visit from T. Z. Koo, the brilliant young Chinese Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, but, unfortunately, he was unavoidably prevented from coming. Mr. R. Dixon, of Central China, who took his place, gave an interesting talk on China in Room I, on January 23rd.

Sunday, February 15th, was the next important date. On this day, which is observed as a Day of Prayer for students, a service was arranged for members of the College and their friends at the Avenue Congregational Church. We were exceedingly fortunate in securing as preacher Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, Chairman, for the second time, of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. A large congregation heard Dr. Jones deliver an able and lucid address on the "New Psychology" as expressed in terms of religion. Our very best thanks are due to Dr. Jones for preaching, and to the minister (Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A.) and officers of the Church for permission to hold the service, and for their help in conducting it.

Finance week with its attendant horrors has just engaged our attention. In addition to the usual Hall activities, two dinner-hour entertainments were given during the week in Room I, the first by the Staff and the second by the P.R.C., a collection being made on each

occasion. We much appreciate the ready way in which the Staff and P.R.C. prepared these entertainments.

Study Circles progress, including, at last, the men who have commenced two at South Stoneham.

We hope to arrange, next term, a week-end Study School retreat, whilst in July there are the Conferences at Swanwick (Derbyshire). We should like to see more men at these Conferences, which do so much to strengthen and broaden one's outlook. Fuller details will be forthcoming later.

W. E. C.



LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The first meeting this term was a business meeting to elect officers and to present the balance sheet. The following are the officials for the session :—

President, the Principal ; Chairman, Miss A. M. Trout ; Treasurer, Miss K. C. Boswell ; Secretary, Mr. Grindle ; Committee—Miss Lucas, Miss Charlick, Miss Babley, Mr. Purvis, Mr. Sewry.

After the business was concluded, Miss Trout gave a short account of the Protocol, what it is and what it aims to do.

The next meeting was held in the dinner hour in Room I, when Mr. Casson gave a "Talk" on the subject of Opium. For this meeting the Principal was in the chair. As a result of this meeting, the Debating Society arranged a debate on the subject, at which Miss Boswell and Mr. L. J. Russell were the speakers. The motion that "Opium growing should be suppressed," proposed by Miss Boswell, was defeated by a small majority.

Mr. Judd is coming down on March 17th to talk to us on the Universities' Federation of the L.N.U., and a debate on "Armaments" is also promised by the Debating Society in conjunction with the L.N.U.





THE EXETER GAMES.

These games make the event of the season for all who follow College sport, so that the visit to Exeter on February 14th was keenly anticipated by all the teams and the few lucky supporters who accompanied them. The weather conditions were fair, and in spite of the sticky red mud, the matches were played with vim and much keenness.

The NETBALL team repeated their victory of last term, piling on 26 goals to the opponents 13. Congratulations to the netball on completing their "double" against our rivals!

The WOMEN'S HOCKEY team struck an unlucky day, when nothing would go right for them. The game was well-fought, and was much closer than the score of 4—1 would suggest. No matter—we won last time.

The "SOCCER" team likewise disappointed us. Sanguine expectations of a good win were rudely shattered by a strong and energetic team, whose good combination and ability to withstand the heavy conditions gave Exeter the victory by 3—1.

The "RUGGER" match was the great attraction. Here was a glorious confusion of colour, a medley of sounds, and pandemonium from the touch line. It was truly a "needle" game—ourselves trying to improve on the draw in the last match and Exeter trying to maintain their record of never lowering their flag to Southampton. All was to avail, for the splendid habit our "threes" developed in the first half of crossing their opponents line on all possible occasions gave us fourteen valuable and well-earned points to Exeter's nil. The second half was keenly fought, but no further score ensued. Thus the "rigger" team retired from the field with the satisfaction of recording their first victory against Exeter.

The MEN'S HOCKEY added to our jubilation by recording their first victory against Exeter. The team has flourished exceedingly this year, and their win was not an entirely unexpected triumph. Grindle's two goals and Russell's goalkeeping were features of a well-contested game. The score of 3—1 reversed the result of last term's match when, with only nine men, we lost 3—0.

Thus we returned from Exeter with six points out of a possible ten, thus equalling the result of last term's matches.

A. D. P.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Yes, the University College has an Association Football Club, although you might be tempted to think otherwise, judging from the concourse of spectators that throngs the touch-line, especially at away matches. Of one supporter we felt certain when Wright (E. J.), obeying doctor's orders, resigned the captaincy; but our expectations were deceived, and the Hockey Club is now better able to report of his activities. The resultant vacancy has been ably filled by Ross, succeeded, as vice-captain, by Kelley, the team thus having two "big personalities" in its back division.

Our record, despite the many changes, both as regards the members and the arrangement of the team, is not discouraging, for of 17 matches already played, we have won 10, lost 4 and drawn 3. The weather, as usual, can account for a good percentage of the games—at present numbering 8—many of which would have, undoubtedly, gone to our "Winners" column. The same important element has endeavoured to knock the team out of the Travers' Cup Competition, but, having successfully "battled" our way as far as the final, we are now waiting to meet Netley Hospital.

Throughout the season we have lacked a steady right-half, and, in trying to solve this problem, we have apparently upset the whole team. Our defeat at Exeter was partly due to this fact, but also to the lack of weight in our forward line. This defect has been noticeable throughout the season, and threatens to appear next season, unless compensated by a better understanding between the forwards.

The second eleven, under Smith's able guidance, has also had a very successful season, and one may, with confidence next autumn term, seek here for new blood for the first team. With a good supply of Freshers, next season should even be more successful than the present one (though

we have been confidentially informed that then our first team may be competing in the Southampton Senior League).

F. R. W. P.



RUGGER.

Up to the time of going to Press, our record is considerably better than in any previous year. We have played 21, of which 10 have been won, 9 lost, the remaining 2 being left drawn. Points for us are 198, compared with 194 against.

Best of all, however, we have at last beaten Exeter, and that, too, by the comfortable margin of 14 points to nil. Luckily we struck the top of our form, and, starting the game on the principle that attack is the best method of defence, put on all our points in the first twenty minutes. Despite the superior weight of the Exeter forwards, we managed to keep them out. Needless to say, the weather kept up the "Exeter tradition" of wetness!

We congratulate F. M. T. Bunney on his successful début in senior Rugger, and wish him the best of luck in the future.

Mr. James has again rendered us valuable service. We thank him heartily for his willing assistance.

We cannot yet publish the season's awards, as there are two more games to be played. If we win these, as we should, we can congratulate ourselves on a most enjoyable and pretty successful season.

A. M. W.



MEN'S HOCKEY.

The Men's Hockey Club has had a very successful season, for out of the 19 matches played, it has won 11 and lost but 5. This success may be ascribed to the excellent team work which has been markedly in evidence in the great majority of our matches, and to the wonderful form of our captain, Farrell.

The attack has been considerably strengthened this term by the inclusion of Bimson and Wright, who, with Hales and Grindle, two speedy wingers, and Wood, a hard-working inside-forward, have made an energetic forward line. Heasell and Collihole have also assisted very materially.

The wing halves, Bechervaise and Mr. Sinclair, always sound in defence, have shown considerable improvement in attack, while we have been fortunate in having two sound defenders in Brandt and St. John. Russell, the goal-keeper, has been honoured by selection for the Hampshire "A" team.

The goal scorers are :—Hales, 6 ; Grindle, 6 ; Wright, 5 ; Edwards, Farrell and Collihole, 3 ; Bunney, 2 ; Bimson and Wood, 1.

L. R. F.



WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

Up to the present we have played 11 matches, of which we have won 6 and drawn 1 ; the goals being 45 for and 30 against. Unfortunately, owing to the bad season, several matches have had to be scratched, but, nevertheless, we have managed to play many enjoyable games.

The game against Exeter was not so good as it might have been had the elements been more propitious.

The captain would like to thank all those who have so ably supported her during the season, and hopes that next year will be as successful.

Those members who are leaving, wish the team the best of luck during the coming season.

F. D. T.



NETBALL REPORT.

Although not as successful as we could have wished at the beginning of the term, we retrieved our reputation by our victories over our neighbour University Colleges, Exeter and Reading. The First and Second teams played against Reading on February 18th, and both were equally successful.

Fair weather favoured the Exeter match this time, when our team were the winners by 26 goals to 13.

We are looking forward to a good game at Reading next month, when we hope the result will be as much to our satisfaction as the last.

Jan. 31.—St. Anne's (away)	lost	16—14
Feb. 7.—Brockenhurst (home)	lost	30—6
Feb. 11.—Convent High School (home)	lost	13—10
„ 14.—Exeter (away)	won	26—13
„ 18.—Reading (home), 1st team	won	21—18
„ 18.—Reading (home), 2nd team	won	9—6

D. E. L.

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